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Poetry.

A GOOD PARODY.

The following parody we find in the *Grand Rapids Register*, and is, we suppose, original in the "Valley City." It is a very good imitation of MacKay's "Tell me, ye winged winds."

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holier" in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And sneezed as it answered—"Nary place."

Tell me, ye misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where crime is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud waves, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stop for a while, and splutter—"You git out!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the girls
Who with their beauteous embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where music is not known,
And calico is not?

Behind the cloud the moon withdrew its face,
And a voice sweet but sad responded "Poh!"

Tell me, my sacred soul—
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From yon weary, death?
Is there no happy spot
Where bachelors are blessed,
Where females never go,
And man may dwell in peace?
Faith, Hope and Truth—best boasts to mortals give—
Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in Heaven!"

I AM NOT OLD.

BY PAUL BENJAMIN.

I am not old, though years have east
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old, though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
And sympathies and feelings glow
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
"His signet on my brow,"
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in infancy I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

Popular Tale.

From Graham's Magazine.

UNPUBLISHED INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN BRADY.

BY A WESTERN MAN.

About thirty miles below the present city of Pittsburg, stood an ancient fort, known as Fort McIntosh. It was built by a revolutionary gentleman of that name, in the summer of 1778. It was one of a line of forts, which was intended to guard the people who lived South of the Ohio river, from the incursions of the savages to the Northwest. This fort was one of the resorts of the great Indian spy and hunter, Captain Samuel Brady. Although his usual headquarters was at Pittsburg, then consisting of a rude fort and a score or two of rough frontier tenements.

Brady had emigrated westward, or rather had marched thither in 1778, as a Lieutenant in the distinguished Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, under the command of General Richard Braddock, of Easton. When in the spring of 1779, McIntosh retired from command in the West, Braddock succeeded him, and remained at Pittsburg until 1781. Shortly after his advent, Brady was brevetted Captain.

Brady had served at the siege of Boston, fought at Long Island and White Plains, gone through the whole of the terrible campaign of Trenton and Princeton, suffered at Valley Forge, distinguished himself at Germantown and Brandywine, and narrowly escaped death at Paoli. But his tastes led him to the erratic mode of warfare known upon the Frontier. Indeed his early education upon the upper Susquehanna had inculcated and developed those tastes from the very earliest boyhood. Hating an Indian with that intensive hatred, which is begotten in the bosom of the white race, by long years of contest and outrage, a bitter intensity was imparted to the feeling in his case by the murder of his father and younger brother by the Indians, under trying and terrible circumstances.

Having promised this much by way of introduction, it brings us to the opening of the story. On the 21st day of August, 1779, Brady set out from Fort McIntosh, for Pittsburg. He had with him two of his trusted and well tried followers. These were not attached to the regular army, as he was, but were scouts and spies, who had been with him upon many an expedition. They were Thomas Bevington and Benjamin Biggs. Brady resolved to follow the Northern bank of the Ohio. Biggs objected to this, upon the ground, as Brady well knew, that the woods were swarming with savages. Brady, however, had resolved to travel by the old Indian path, and having once made up his mind, no consideration could deter him from carrying out his determination. Bevington had such implicit faith in his ability to lead, that he never thought of questioning his will. Quite a discussion arose between Biggs and his captain at the mouth of the Beaver

river, about a mile above the fort, and where they must cross the Ohio, if they continued upon the North side. Biggs finally yielded his objections, and they crossed the Beaver, and proceeded with the habitual caution of woodsmen who fully understood their business. They had started early, and by rapid traveling they had reached, ere noon came, the last piece of bottom land on the North side of the river, just below what is known as the Narrows. Upon this bottom a pioneer, more daring than most others had built a cabin, and opened a small spot of cleared land. He had planted it in corn, and it gave promise of a most abundant harvest.

But as they approached the edge of the clearing, just outside of the fence, Brady discovered "Indian signs," as he called them. His companions discovered them almost as quick as he, and at once, in low tones commenced to each other the necessity for a keen watch. They slowly trailed them along the side of the fence toward the house, whose situation they well knew, until they stood upon the brow of the bluff which overlooked it. A sight of the most terrible description met their eyes. The cabin lay a mass of smoldering ruin; from whence a dull blue smoke arose in the clear August sunshine. They observed closely every thing about it. Brady knew that it was customary for the Indians after they had fired a settler's cabin, if there was no immediate danger, to retire to the woods close at hand, and watch for the approach of any member of the family who might chance to be absent when they made the descent. Not knowing but they were even then lying close by, he left Bevington to watch the ruins, under cover, whilst he proceeded to the Northwest, and Biggs Southward, to make discoveries. Both were to return to Bevington, if they found no Indians. If they came across the perpetrators, and they were too numerous to be attacked regularly, Brady declared it to be his purpose to have a fire at them, and that should be the signal for his followers to make the best of their way to the fort.

All this rapidly transpired, and with Brady to decide was to act. As he stole cautiously round the Northern side of the enclosure, he heard a voice in the distance singing. He listened keenly, and soon discovered from its intonations, that it was a white man's. He passed rapidly in the direction whence the sound came. As it approached, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a large tree. Presently a white man, riding a fine horse, came slowly down the path. The form was that of Alfred Gray, the stalwart brave, devil-may-care settler, who had built him a home miles away from the fort, where no one would dare to take a family, except himself.

Brady rose, as he almost always did, the Indian garb, and had war paint upon his face. He knew that if he showed himself upon the path, Gray would shoot, taking him for a quiet spy to approach his lurking place. When the time came, he sprang forward ere the settler could have time to prepare, drew his tomahawk, and seizing him, dragged him from his horse. As he did so, he whispered to him: "I am Captain Brady, for God's sake be quiet."

Gray, with the instinctive feeling of one who knew there was danger, with that vital presence of mind which characterized those acquainted with frontier life, ceased at once to struggle. The horse had been started by the sudden onslaught, and sprang to one side. Ere he had time to leap forward, Brady had caught him by the bridle. His loud snorting threatened to arouse any one who was near. The Captain soon soothed him into quiet.

Gray now hurriedly asked Brady what the danger was. The strong, vigorous spy, turned away his face unable to answer him. The settlers already excited fears were thus turned into realities. The manly form stood like an aspen leaf, with emotion-tears fell as large as drops of water over his bronzed face. Brady permitted the indulgence for a moment, whilst he led the horse into a thicket close at hand and tied him. When he returned, Gray had sunk to the earth, and great tremulous convulsions writhed over him. Brady quietly touched him and said, "Come." He at once arose, and had gone but a few yards until every trace of emotion had apparently vanished. He was no longer the bereaved husband and father—he was the sturdy, well trained hunter, whose ear and eye were acutely alive to every sight and sound, the waving of a leaf or the cracking of the smallest twig.

He desired to proceed directly towards the house, but Brady objected to this, and they passed down towards the river bank. As they proceeded they saw from the tracks of horses and moccasins prints upon the places where the earth was moist, that the party was quite a numerous one. After thoroughly examining every cover and possible place of concealment, they passed on to the Southward and came back in that direction to the spot where Bevington stood sentry. When they reached him, they found that Biggs had not returned. In a few moments he came. He reported that the trail was large and broad; the Indians had taken no pains to conceal their tracks; they simply had struck back into the country, so as to avoid coming in contact with the spies whom they supposed were lingering along the river.

The whole four now went down to the cabin and carefully examined the ruins. After a long and minute search, Brady declared in an authoritative manner, that none of the inmates had been consumed. This announcement at once dispelled the most harrowing fears of Gray. As soon as all that could be discovered had been ascertained, each one of the party proposed some course of action. One desired to go to Pittsburg, and obtain assistance—another that it best to return to McIntosh and get some volunteers there—Brady listened patiently to both those propositions, but arose quickly, after talking a moment apart with Biggs, and said, "Come."

Gray and Bevington obeyed at once, nor did Biggs object. Brady struck the trail and began pursuit in that tremendous rapid manner for which he was so famous. It was evident that if the savages were over-

taken, it could only be done by the utmost exertion. They were some hours ahead, and from the number of their horses must be mounted. It was evident that this land had been south of the Ohio and plundered the homes of settlers. They had ponied upon the family of Gray upon their return.

When the pursuit began, it must have been two o'clock, at least two hours had been consumed by the spies in making the necessary exploration about the house, ere they approached it, and in examining the ruins. Not a word was spoken upon the route by any one. Their leader kept steadily in advance. Occasionally he would diverge from the track, but only to take it up again a mile or so in advance. The Captain's intimate knowledge of the topography of the country, enabled him to anticipate what points they would make. Thus he gained rapidly upon them by proceeding more nearly in a straight line toward the point at which they aimed to cross the Beaver.

At last, convinced from the general direction in which the trail led, that he could divine with absolute certainty the spot where they would ford that stream, he abandoned it and struck boldly across the country. The accuracy of his judgment was vindicated by the fact that from an elevated crest of a long line of hills, he saw the Indians with their victims just disappearing up a ravine on the opposite side of the Beaver. He counted them as they slowly filed away under the rays of the declining sun. There were thirteen warriors, eight of whom were mounted—another woman besides Gray's wife, was in the cavalcade, and two children beside his—in all five children.

The odds seemed fearful to Biggs and Bevington; although Brady made no comment. The moment they passed out of sight, Brady again pushed forward with unflinching energy, nor did his followers hesitate. There was not a man among them whose muscles were not tense and rigid as a whip cord, from exercise and training, from hardship and exposure. Gray's whole form seemed to dilate into twice its natural size at the sight of his wife and children. Terrible was the vengeance he swore.

Just as the sun set, the spies forded the stream and began to ascend the ravine. It was evident that the Indians intended to camp for the night some distance up a small creek or run, which debouches into Beaver river, about three miles from the location of Fort McIntosh, and two below the ravine. The spot, owing to the peculiar form of the tongue of the land lying west of the Beaver, at which they expected to encamp, was full ten miles from the fort. Here there was a famous spring so deftly and cunningly situated in a deep dell and so densely enclosed with thick mountain pines, that there was little danger of discovery. They might even light a fire and it could not be seen one hundred yards.

The proceedings of their leader, which would have been totally inexplicable to all others, were partially if not fully, understood by his followers. At last they did not hesitate or question him. When dark came, Brady pushed forward with a much apparent certainty as he had done during the day. So rapid was his progress, that the Indians had but just kindled their fire and cooked their meal, when their mortal foe, whose presence they dreaded as much as that of the small-pox, stood upon a huge rock looking down upon them.

His party had been left a short distance in the rear, at a convenient spot, whilst he went forward to reconnoitre. There they remained impatiently for three hours. They discussed in low tones the extreme disparity of the force—the propriety of going to McIntosh to get assistance. But all agreed that if Brady ordered them to attack, success was certain. However impatient they were, he returned at last.

He described to them how the woman and children lay within the centre of a crescent formed by the savages as they slept. Their guns were not more than fifteen feet from them. He had crawled within fifty feet of them, when the snoring of the horses occasioned by the approach of a wild beast had aroused a number of the savages from their slumbers, and he had been compelled to lie quiet for more than an hour until they slept again.

He then told them that he would attack them. It was impossible to use fire arms. They must depend solely upon the knife and tomahawk. The knife must be placed in the left hand and the tomahawk in the right. To Biggs he assigned the duty of securing their arms. He was to begin the work of slaughter upon the right, Gray upon the left and Bevington in the centre. After each fairly understood the duty assigned to him, the slow, difficult, hazardous approach began. They continued upon their feet until they had got within one hundred yards of their foe, and then they lay down upon their bellies and began the work of writhing themselves forward like a serpent approaching a victim. They at last reached the very verge of the line, each man was at his post, save Biggs, who had the farthest to go. Just as he passed Brady's position, a twig cracked roughly under the weight of his body, and a huge savage, who lay within reach of Gray's tomahawk, was startled by the sound, and raised his head. After rolling his eyes he again lay down and all was still.

Full fifteen minutes passed ere Biggs moved; and he slowly went on. When he reached his place, a very low hissing sound indicated that he was ready. Brady in turn reiterated the sound as a signal to Gray and Bevington to begin. This they did in the most deliberate manner. No nervousness was permissible then. They slowly felt for the heart of each savage they were to stab, and then plunged the knife. The tomahawk was not to be used unless the knife proved insufficient. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night as they cautiously felt and stabbed, unless it might be that one who was feeling would hear the stroke of the other's knife and the groan of the victim whom the other had slain. Thus the work proceeded. Six of the savages were slain. One of them had not been killed outright by the stab of Gray.

He sprang to his feet, but as he arose to show his war cry, the tomahawk finished with the knife had begun. He staggered and fell forward, over one who had not yet been reached. He in turn started up, but Brady was too quick his knife reached his heart and the tomahawk his brain almost at the same instant.

All were slain by the three spies, except one. He started to flee, but a rifle shot from Biggs rang merrily out upon the night air and closed his career. The women and children alarmed by the contest, fled wildly to the woods; but all had grown still and they were called, they returned, recognizing amid their fright the tones of their own people. The whole party took up their march to McIntosh at once. About sunrise the sentinels at the fort were surprised to see the cavalcade of horses, men, women and children, approaching the fort. When they recognized Brady, they at once admitted him and the whole party.

In the relation of the circumstance afterward Bevington claimed to have killed three and Gray three. Thus Brady who claimed nothing, must have slain at least six, whilst the other two slew as many. The thirteen Biggs shot.

From that hour to this the spring is called the "Bloody Spring," and the small run is called "Brady's Run." Few, even of the most curious of the people living in the neighborhood, know aught of the circumstances which conferred these names. This ended one of the very many hand in hand fights which the great spy had with the savages. His history is full of daring exploits, sanguinary, close, hard contests, perilous explorations and adventures, some of which that of either of the Wetzel, Boone or Kenton. He saw more service than any of them, and his name was known as a bye-word of terror among the Indian tribes from the Susquehanna to Lake Michigan.

Miscellaneous.

Spiritualism Finally Making Itself Useful.

From the *Troy (N. Y.) Budget* we find that spiritualism are really now applying their supernatural knowledge to the detection of crime. If they succeed always as well as in the case related by the *Budget*, the hopes of criminals are blasted. A boy named Phillips, nearly five years since, committed suicide by hanging.

Recently it seems at a circle of spiritualists, the spirit of the boy Phillips was called up, through a medium, (an old man) and among other questions asked was one inquiring into the cause of his death. The spirit answered that he had been murdered by a nail driven into his head! This answer was immediately made public, and the excitement soon became intense—so much so that the principal citizens of the town were compelled to call for a Coroner's investigation into the cause of the boy's death. On arriving at the place where the body was buried, several hundred people were found congregated, seemingly eager to observe the progress of the inquest. Many who were believers in spiritualism seemed impressed with the idea that the result would be as the medium predicted, while many non-believers expressed themselves ready to join the "circle," if the prophecy should be found correct. The body was exhumed, and an examination made by Dr. George W. Strait, of that town. No marks of any injury having been received by young Phillips on the head or any other part of the body were discovered! The skull was found perfect in every part, so that it was plain the death had not occurred as stated by the "medium."

Five Convicted Murderers at Large.
On Monday night last, five men, convicted of murder, and sentenced for life to the Michigan State Prison, at Jackson, made their escape.

Handbills have been issued offering a reward of \$1000 for their arrest and return, or \$200 for any one of them. They are described as follows:—

Gabriel Lappin is 40 years old, light complexion, five feet three inches and a half high, a scar in India ink on the right hand, and stout build. Samuel Ulum, 45 years of age, five feet seven inches and a half high, two toes of each foot, next the big toe, grown together, and stout build. James Hitchcock, 36 years old, five feet six inches high, two scars on left forearm, stout build. John M. Reynolds, left arm crooked, scar on back of right wrist, scar over left eye, on back of left thumb, and a large scar on the left instep, 30 years old, six feet high, light hair, freckled face, eyes, 30 years old, five feet ten inches and a quarter high, scar on right leg, no other marks.

Haynes brutally killed an invalid girl for the sake of her jewelry, and Lappan poisoned his own wife. These are the kind of men that falsely-judging philanthropy would not hang, but would merely imprison for life, thereby giving them a chance to escape and again prowling among the living, with all their viciousness and murderous propensities still in full force.

George Washington an Englishman.

To the Editor of the *London Post*.

I read in the "Stars and Stripes," or *American Impressions*, that Gen. Washington never went to England, although he wished to do so. I think there were good grounds for him doing so, because he was born in England; he was a son of the English soil. Augustus Washington was born in Virginia, but George Washington was born in Cookham, Berkshire, nineteen miles from Windsor, from the second wife of his father, Miss Bull. The house in which he was born does not exist any longer, but the natives are aware of the fact, and assure us that the books of the parish have been destroyed by Americans. The case was slightly mentioned at the time of the election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency, but the general enthusiasm for the great man stopped the rumor. Something very like lately occurred with the chief of police in New York. I am, sir, yours obediently, H. MATTHEWS.

THE MILL IN THE SEA.

A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY STORY.

In olden time there once lived two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. When Christmas was near at hand, the poor one had not so much as a bit of meat or a crust of bread in the house, so he went to his brother, and begged him in God's name to give him a trifle. Now it happened that this was not the first time that the rich brother had given the poor one something, so he was not particularly delighted when he saw him coming.

"If you will do as I tell you," said he to the unwelcome visitor, "you will have a whole ham that is hanging up to be smoked."

The poor brother said he would do what he told him, and thank him too. "There it is," said the rich brother, flinging him the ham, "and now go to the lower regions."

"Since I have promised it, I must go," observed the other, taking up his ham, and going away.

After wandering about the whole day, just as it grew dark he perceived a bright light at no great distance from him. "It must be here," thought he. On going somewhat further into the forest, however, he found an old man, with a long white beard, who was cutting wood.

"Good evening," said he with the ham. "Good evening," replied the man; "whether may you be going?"

"Oh! I'm only going to the lower regions, only I don't know whether I've come the right way," replied the simple-hearted man.

"Yes, you are quite right," said the old man, "the entrance is just here," and then he added, "when you have got down below they will all want to buy your ham; for swine's flesh is a great rarity there; but you must not sell it for money, so rather ask to exchange it against the old hand-mill that stands behind the door. When you come up again, then I will teach you what to do with the mill; for it has its use, I can tell you."

On entering the underground dwelling, everything happened just as the old man had told him. All the imps, great and small, gathered round, and began outbidding each other for the ham.

"I had intended fasting upon it on holy Christmas eve, with my wife," said the man; "but as you seem bent on having it, I'm willing to part with it: but I will not take anything in exchange, except the old hand-mill that stands behind the door."

The chief imp did not at all relish parting with this, and he began to bargain and haggle with the man; but the latter remained firm, so at last the imp was fain to let him take the mill away. When the man had emerged from the "underground dwelling," he asked the old wood-cutter how he was to use the mill, and when he had told him, he thanked him and returned home; but let him make what speed he would, he did not reach it until twelve o'clock at night.

"Where in the world can you have been?" said his wife as he came in. "I've been sitting here hour after hour, and I had not so much as a couple of splinters to lay across each other under the gruel pot, to cook our Christmas dinner."

"Oh!" replied the man, "I could not come sooner, for I had some business to mind, and was obliged to go a long way about it; but you shall see what I have brought back with me."

He then placed the mill on the table, and made it grind first of all, candles, then a table cloth, then food and beer,—in short all that was wanting for a Christmas feast; and whatever he called for, the mill ground it immediately. His wife stood by, and crossed herself many times over, and was very anxious to know how her husband had come by the mill. But this he took care not to tell.

"It matters not how I got it," said he to her guests, "as we so miserably poor that he came to ask me for a trifle in God's name, and now all of a sudden he is as grand as if he had become an earl or king. Then turning to his brother,—"Where on earth," asked he, "did you get all these riches?"

"Behind the door," answered the other, who had no mind to let the cat out of the bag. But towards evening, when he had taken a drop too much, he could not keep his own counsel any longer, but brought out his mill.

"Here is the golden goose that has brought me all my riches," said he, and made the mill grind one thing and then the other. On seeing this, the brother wanted to buy the mill of him, but the other would not hear of it at first. At length, however, as his brother seemed to wish for it so very much, he said he would take three hundred dollars for it, only he had bargained not to part with it till harvest-time. "For," said he, "if I keep it till then, I shall be able to grind food enough for many a year to come."

At last the kitchen was completely flooded. The man kept twisting and turning the mill, but do what he would the mill did not cease grinding, and at length the milk had risen so high that he was in danger of being drowned. He now tore open the chamber door, but it was not long before the chamber was likewise inundated; and it was with great difficulty that he could wade through the milky tide and manage to unfasten the latch of the door. No sooner had he opened the door than out he rushed, still pursued by a torrent of milk, and herrings that spread over the farmyard and the meadow beyond.

Meanwhile the wife, who was out in the field with the reapers, began to think that her husband was very long in coming to call her in to dinner.

"Let's go home," said she to the reapers; "I can readily fancy that he has not been able to manage cooking a mess of milk by himself, and so I must help him."

So they set off for the farm. But no sooner had they come from behind the mountain, than herring, milk, and bread came floating away at full speed. The farmer was running away at full speed. "Would that each of you had a hundred mouths to swallow all this up!" cried he; "mind you don't get drowned in my dinner."

And on he went as if a wild beast were behind him, till he had reached his brother's; and then he entreated his poor relation, for God's sake to take back his mill: "for if it goes on another hour," said he, "the whole village will be inundated with herrings and milk."

But the brother refused to take back the mill unless the other counted him out three hundred dollars more; and as there was no help for it, the rich man was fain to lug out the money. So now that the brother had money as well as the mill, he built a house that was far handsomer than the one his rich brother inhabited. With the help of the mill, he collected so much gold that he could cover the walls with plates of gold, and as the house stood near the shore, it could be seen, shining from a great distance out at sea. All who sailed near that point, were sure to anchor in that neighborhood, and to pay a visit to the man in the golden house, in order to see the wonderful mill.

One day, a captain, who, like so many others, had come to see the mill, inquired, after looking at it, whether it would grind salt?

"Yes, it will grind salt as well as anything," said the man.

The captain then wanted to purchase it at any price; "for," thought he, "if I had this mill, I should not be obliged to sail so far over the rough seas to fetch salt, and then I could make myself comfortable at home."

At first the man would not hear of selling it; but the captain teased and teased so long, that at length he consented to part with it for many thousand dollars. As soon as the captain had obtained the mill, he took care not to remain long in the neighborhood, for fear the man should repent of his bargain; so, without ever stopping to inquire how he was to manage the mill, he went back to his ship and sailed away. On reaching the main sea, he took out his mill, and cried, "grind salt, and let it be prime stuff!"

And the mill began to grind salt till it spit and crackled again. When the captain found that his ship was full, he tried to stop the mill, but in spite of all his endeavors, the mill went on grinding, and the heap of salt grew higher and higher, till it finished by sinking the ship. So now the mill stands at the bottom of the ocean, and keeps grinding on this very day, which is the reason that sea water is salt.

What is "mean time?" That which allows only twenty minutes to dinner.

There is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a powerful memory. He's employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company, by saying his wife always "gives them their own way." "Poor things!" was the prompt reply, "it's all I have to give them!"

Winchell, the humorist, tell a story of a dog, which undertook to jump across the well in two jumps. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump across a well in two jumps. They can undertake it usually "bring up" down in the water.

"How fortunate I am in meeting a rain-bow in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her beau of promise, who happened along with an umbrella. "And I," said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander, when he has caught a rein deer."

The following are said to be infallible recipes:—For preserving the complexion; for whitening the hands; for removing stains; for removing wrinkles; for improving the sight; observation; a beautiful ring, the home circle; for improving the voice; civility; the best companions to the toilet, a wife; to keep away moths, good society.

The Boston Post wants to know why credit should not be given to physicians in notices of death, as well as to clergymen in notices of marriage? A newspaper obituary announcement should read—"Died at the hands of Dr. Saddlebags, John Doe, aged so and so."

The MURDERERS OF THE JOYCE FAMILY—It will be remembered that the four negroes who were concerned in the Blair Creek tragedy, some time ago, in this county, were sentenced to receive two hundred lashes each. Gov. Morehead exercised his clemency to the extent of one hundred and fifty lashes, subjecting them to but fifty. The fifty lashes were "well laid on" yesterday, by High Sheriff Megowan.

Clippings.

The Central Ohio Railroad has paid over \$3,000 for stolen articles; and now seventeen of its employees have been arrested for alleged robbery.

No less than ten bridges are already built, projected, or in process of construction, across the Mississippi river, at various points above St. Louis.

Giles Almy, of Dartmouth, aged 25, had his feet so frozen in January that they were necessarily amputated, and after much suffering he died last week, of lockjaw.

Contracts have been made in New York for two mammoth steamships, each of 7,000 tons, designed to carry 3,000 passengers, and to accomplish the trip to California, via the Isthmus, in 15 days.

Mr. Eli Reynolds, of Corning, went to his barn one day last week, to ascertain the cause of noises he heard there. When he opened the door, a gun was fired at him, and the ball passed through his cap. He went to get a weapon and the assassin escaped.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has just decided that James Simmons, who murdered two members of his father's family, should be hung. Simmons was tried and convicted for the act ten years ago, but owing to some alleged informality was never sentenced.

A severe fire occurred in Toledo on the night of the 12 instant, destroying a number of boarding-houses, taverns and dwellings, on the corner of Water and Oak streets. The Forest City Hotel, Railroad House, Tremont House, New England House, and Clinton House, were burned.

REGULAR ACCIDENT.—The mother of Edwin Root, of Geneseo, while crossing the floor of her room, on Tuesday of last week, suddenly fell, having broken one of her legs at the thigh, while in the act of walking. She is about 90 years of age and will probably die in consequence of the accident.

Two lads were at play in a steam mill at Lyons, Michigan, lately. One of them, Francis Denmore, was caught by his clothing in the machinery and drawn in between the cog wheels, by which he was literally crushed to atoms, not a bone in his body or limbs remaining unbroken.

A new dodge is now being practiced upon the Philadelphians, by sharpers, after this style. A gentleman pulls the door bell and asks for a Mr. A., who of course is not in—tells the lady that he owes Mr. A. one dollar and a half—gives a counterfeit five dollar bill, and gets three dollars and fifty cents of good money in change.

A dog in Pawtucket was noticed the other night to be making frequent trips back and forth between a certain barn and some other part of the village. A closer watch showed that he was stealing hens—catching them in his mouth by the neck, and carrying them to where his master was in waiting. He had evidently been trained to it.

The Hartford ladies, interested in Kansas together, in ten days' time, four barrels of clothing and two boxes of boots and shoes, valued at about \$600.

A gentleman in Boston recently bought a barrel of flour which on weighing was found to fall short 25 lbs. Another barrel bought at a store before this, was found to contain a large paving stone.

A German woman has been imposing upon her ignorant countrymen in Philadelphia, by passing herself off as "a relative of the Supreme Being," and agreeing to send the souls of departed friends to Heaven on the receipt of five dollars for each soul.

The banking capital of New York is now over ninety-six million dollars, and has more than doubled in the last six years.

Rents in Boston have risen in the last eight years, one third higher than they were previously. Notwithstanding that, 1,400 houses have been built in that city alone, without taking in the surrounding towns, it is a very difficult thing, the papers say, to hire a house, even at the high rates demanded.

Illinois is the second State in the number of enrolled militia—having 237,420, and New York 337,325.

A Brooklyn lady of respectable family and only two months married, Wednesday morning, in a paroxysm of insanity, escaped from her husband's watch, went to the river, stripped herself, and leaping into the vault met a horrible death.

The Manchester (N. Y.) *Mirror* says, that there is now on exhibition in that city a man 35 years old, six feet three inches high, weighs only 884 pounds. When he was 18 years old he weighed 180. He is a mere framework, skin and bones, and a great curiosity. He was born and brought up in West Gilestown, a few miles from Manchester.

An honest Irishman, at Charlestown, Mass., picked up a wallet lost by Isaac O'good, containing \$5000, and returned it to its owner. He was rewarded with a present of \$500.

The surgeon who made a post mortem examination of the body of Ann Durham,